

The sleep that had finally settled

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The sleep that had finally settled

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Summary

The two finally decide to do a sleep stream.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Sleep stream

A hand tugged the back of George near. Their chests now abut. The times of love between the two were far from one, although this advance was still unexpected. Unexpected in the way of making chat gawk and hearts quiver in excite throughout chests.

It should be understood that, although wishing not for change and if so only by careful planning, Dream had lept right into this arrangement himself after George had shown the slightest advance. Many viewed Dream as a wild card for these types of behaviors, but he had thought about closing the gap between the two for a great amount of time. It came naturally to him, and he supposes that it should be that way. Through all the flirting in and out of videos had made these overlaps new, yet familiar. Dream supposes that the familiarity of it all is what kept him wrapped around George, and it felt nice to be able to do something different to him.

The beginning of this started when George and Dream sat in bed, ready for the viewers to announce themselves throughout the dim lighting.

They had said in their title that it was a sleep stream, yet they had added on in the beginning about many other things. One of how Clay was giving a face reveal when they lie down. - This for it

being uncomfortable to sleep in a mask.- They are both fairly sure that people can't make out his face throughout dusk anyways.

Most donations that came up, till one, had placed on tiered ears, only giving solemn answers to them all. The one that crossed that barrier had asked to what they did before streaming.

This question normally wouldn't have made problems arise and truth cower behind George, although Dream did not mind telling it as much. Of course in his explanation, he made the finer details minimal.

“George and I had gone to the beach before. We built sandcastles and walked around.”

Although this truthful, there, again, was much more to it. Hand in hand throughout the scapes for a long while roamed them both with love entered in their hearts. The evening was at its end when they first walked, locked in one another's eyes. Looking up at them were waves crumbling into the sand and serpent-like trees from behind. They spoke no words during the rest of that evening, and even before, words were of few. A bliss reality swept over this edge of the beach in those hours, where no other was around or chatting. From where they walked, mountains surrounded the edges. Minute by minute those tops seemed ever closer as if moving with the lucid waters.

For both, the silence between was unexpected but relaxing... It had felt warm then, warm and nice. It was a dream-like state.

“We should head off to sleep now it is getting to be,” George checked the time, “12:42.”

“Okay, just one more donation.”

A monochrome spoke out a soft tune, “Good night husbands ‘blushing face’ ‘blushing face’ ‘blushing face’ ‘blushin-’

“Hey, why did you turn it off? The plot was getting good!”

When Dream looked over to George, his skin was intertwined with the dimming light of a singular lamp. Tones of a hidden face were illuminated in Dream's eyes.

“Are you blushing? Chat he's blushing!”

“Dre-am” His speech was in muffled waves by his jacket.

“Yeah?”

“I'm not blushing!” George tilted his head up at the monitor's screen, then to Dream. Clay regarded the action's effect to his heart as tiredness, although he knew it was not so. Flooded thinking of pulling in and kissing the man behind his mask arose once again. He sought out another reason, but could not find any other as to love.

“You're still wrong. You're blushing.”

“...Let's just go to bed.”

“Now you want me in bed with you?”

“No! I mean yes, but not in that way!”

“Uh-huh.”

As George crept in bed, Dream turned off the donation’s ring and came in with after placing his mask on the ground. Blankets were pulled ontop of two, large enough for both to be comfortable. For the first-most minutes, they remained back-to-back.

“Hey Dream, could you move over?”

Clay found a chance. He took it. Dream turned around and put his arm over George’s waist. Then pressing his hand closer into George’s skin, he started massaging circles in it.

George felt his shirt entangle with him, pulsating up and down at various intervals and turned around. He was only met by the mess that was Dream’s eyes. Rich tones intertwined with each other, encapsulating all of George’s desires.

George’s desires have been leaking out ever so gradually when he first said, “Isle of Dream” - or I love Dream” - on stream. In this case, slipping up more often in confessing his love to the other. Now that George had finally met Clay, he knew that he was going to let his heart play with him evermore... This undoubtedly resulted in more words and feelings to be tossed out to the other. Although the case, he doubts that he could have prepared for Clay’s antics now.

“Hey, George.” His tone was of a mewling, caressing one. One that coiled around George’s heart and squeezed, making it pound evermore as it needed more blood. It made him insane, how he could so easily manipulate his feelings.

Dream placed his other hand on George’s face. About to recoil, George realized that this is all that he ever wished for. It’s what he dreamt for, for all too long. He leaned into the touch.

For next moments it was quiet. Nothing but calm before the excite that was to make way next. The atmosphere felt heavy, adding more weight onto George.

It was a twisted feeling that arose next when he placed his lips onto Dream’s, drawing him in closer with his arms to guide the body. Twisted in the sense that he was overflowed with love. Love that sprinted through his mind as to a rabbit when it hops. It was something George had not felt before,

and that was okay.

End Notes

the first fic that I ever posted.. I really hope it was enjoyable

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